

ASKED AND ANSWERED

(This is a valuable educational feature in The Oxford County Citizen. Send us your questions, and address them to U. S. Press Association, Continental Trust Building, Washington, D. C. Mention this paper when you write. Enclose two cents in stamps for reply. Do not include trivial matters or questions requiring extensive research.)

Q. With what countries has the United States no diplomatic relations?

The outstanding cases are Russia and Turkey, which lost contact with the United States during the war. The United States has no representation in Liberia, Latvia and Albania, but these countries have no diplomatic representation in the United States. There are also two or three independent Arabian States with which we have no diplomatic relations.

Q. You recently stated that there are thirteen National parks. When were the last two established and where are they? I think it would be interesting if you would publish the full list.

Lafayette Park on the Maine Coast and Zion Park in Southwestern Utah were established in 1919. The former has an area of 8 square miles and the latter an area of 150 square miles. Hot Springs National Park is located in Arkansas and was created in 1923. Yellowstone Park in Northwestern Wyoming was established in 1872. It has an area of 3,333 square miles, being the largest in size of all Parks. Sequoia, in Middle California, was established in 1909; Yosemite, also in Middle California, as well as several Grand Parks were established in 1909. Mount Rainier in West central Washington was established in 1899. Crater Lake Park in Southwestern Oregon was established in 1902; Wind Cave, in South Dakota, in 1903; Park in Northern Oklahoma, and Holly's Hill in North Dakota, were established in 1904; Mesa Verde, in Southwestern Colorado, in 1906; Glacier in Northwestern Montana, in 1909; Rocky Mountain, in North middle Colorado in 1915; Hawaii, in Hawaii, and Lassen Volcano, in Northern California, in 1916; Mount McKinley in South central Alaska in 1917 and Grand Canyon, in North central Arizona in 1909.

Q. Does the Post Office Department make any attempt to run down seedling fakers and can all these fakers be traced?

The Post Office Department does not attempt to interfere with the business of seedling propagators and seedling

manufacturers. The most recent fraud order issued by the Department was against "Prince Hough," a seventy-year old colored man of De Soto, Mississippi, known to his patients as a "voodoo" or "Hoodoo" doctor. Hough carried on a small order business and advertised to his patients that if they would "sit on a piece of white cloth" and send it to him he would furnish medicines that would cure all ailments.

Q. What is India ink?

It is a black pigment, consisting commonly of lamp black, gelatine and water. This ink was originally made in China and Japan, where the ink was applied with a brush, both for writing and drawing. In Europe and America it is used chiefly for black and white drawings.

Q. When do men wear white kid gloves?

White kid gloves are worn only with strictly formal evening wear.

Q. What does the Latin motto of the State of Kansas mean?

"Ad Astra per Aspera" means "To the Stars through Difficulties."

How much additional strain is placed on the seats and the stadium in a hall park when the game reaches its highest stage of enthusiasm?

The United States Bureau of Standards recently perfected a method by which it made actual measurements of the added stresses in the steel reinforcement of a concrete stadium when the crowd was still and in other degrees of excitement up to the time that it rose in a body and stamped in time to the band. It thus determined that the stress under conditions of the greatest enthusiasm was 150 per cent greater than when the crowd was static. Under the worst conditions occurring during the course of the game the movements of the crowd sometimes gave an additional weight 200 pounds to the square inch.

Q. What is the most destructive of the predatory animals?

The coyote destroys more domestic animals and game than any other single predatory pest. They are exceedingly prolific, and also travel great distances to get food. The States and the Federal Government are at the present time carrying on very extensive operations against rodent pests of all kinds, but particularly prairie dogs, ground squirrels, pocket gophers, rats and mice.

Q. Under what protection are the Caroline Islands?

Japan.

Q. What is meant by horsepower?

Aside from its relation to the power of action of horses it is the measure of

a steam-engine's power, an originally settled by James Watt, being the lifting power equal to 33,000 pounds raised one foot high per minute. Thus an engine is said to be 100 horsepower when it has the lifting capacity equivalent to 3,300,000 pounds one foot high per minute. The horsepower of an engine is ascertained by multiplying together the pressure in pounds on a square inch of the piston, the area of the piston in inches, the length of the stroke in feet, and the number of strokes per minute, divided by 33,000, and the quotient, less one-tenth allowed for loss by friction.

Q. What is ham and how is it prepared as a meat?

It is the thigh of a animal and it is prepared for food by a process of salting and curing, or drying in smoke. The thigh of a hog prepared as above for food is what is commonly known as ham.

Q. If a check is certified does it guarantee the signature and the amount, and is it the same as a bank draft?

A certified check is good unless the bank "busts." Under all other conditions it is the guarantee of the bank that the check is not a "kite," and that it will be paid.

Q. Where is "marble row" in Washington?

It is on Seventeenth Street South and West of the State, War and Navy Building. It is so-called because the great buildings of the group are marble. These buildings which are in about three city blocks are the Pan-American Building, the Daughters of the American Revolution Building, and the American Red Cross Building. The Corcoran Art Gallery is also included though the exterior of the building is only partially marble.

Q. How long have cooperative cheese factories been operated in the United States?

The oldest cooperative cheese factory is at Penda, New York. It was formed about 1863 and by 1865 was making cheese from the milk of 815 cows. Sales of this association amounted to \$22,000 in 1923. Recently per cent of the cooperative associations for marketing cheese is transacted by a Wisconsin organization. The business of the cheese cooperatives is small, most of them amounting to less than \$20,000 a year.

Q. What is a good remedy for lead poisoning, such as sugar of lead, lead paint and white lead? What are the symptoms?

The symptoms are dry throat, mental

collapse with considerable thirst, and

colic in the abdomen, cramps in legs, cold sweats, sometimes paralysis of legs and convulsions. The first aid specified in the American Red Cross text book is an emetic and one-half ounce of epsom salts in a glass of water, besides stimulants and soothing liquids.

Q. What was the nearest that the planet Mars approached the earth and what was the date? What was its effect upon the weather?

Mars was nearest the earth on August 22, 1924, the approximate distance being 34,638,000 miles. This was the nearest relation between Mars and the earth since June 18, 1922. Scientific authorities give it as their opinion that weather conditions this year and next year are not affected by Mars.

Q. How can I dispose of a gold dollar made in 1852, and what is likely to be its value?

This department has received many inquiries about old coins, and has some time towards determining their values. Ordinarily a gold dollar ought to be worth about par, but the dealers certainly do hand out terrible shocks to most people who approach them with what they suppose to be valuable old coins. In most instances they weigh them on finely balanced scales and offer the value of the metal. This sometimes makes what one supposes to be a thousand dollar collection look like thirty cents. Usually people having valuable old coins secure the greatest joy out of them when they forego the temptation to have them appraised. Owing to most unsatisfactory experiences this column cannot furnish the addresses of private persons, or stores, pretending to pay big prices for old coins.

Q. Do birdmen actually hunt the birds of the air? I heard that there are some instances of this.

There is a federal law against airplane hunting and six violations of it have been reported to the United States Bureau of Biological Survey this year. Nineteen cases represent the total that have been reported under the law. The Bureau in a recent statement said that the "terrifying effect of airplanes upon wild fowl is so great that if any general use should be made of them in hunting the result would be exceedingly disastrous."

Q. Who is the oldest pensioner on the rolls of the United States Pension Bureau?

This distinction belongs to James M. Holmes of Owensboro, Kentucky, who is one hundred years old, and served as a private with the Texas Rangers in the war with Mexico. Notwithstanding the fact that seventy-six years have

passed since the close of that war there are still twenty-four soldiers who took up arms at that time drawing pensions from our Government. The youngest of these is ninety-one years of age.

Q. If I should open a meat market how much business will I have to do in a year to make any money?

The Agricultural Department made a study of retail costs and operating margins in 1923, for the purpose of finding out how much out of a dollar spent for meat represented the food and where the rest of the money went to. The result showed that nearly seventy-nine cents was for meat, nearly twenty cents for the retailer's expenses, and that his profit was less than two cents. As a result it was determined that if the butcher got a reasonable wage out of his business that it would be necessary for him to hold down expenses and do a yearly business of sales not less than fourteen thousand dollars.

WEST BETHEL

The Ladies' Aid sale and entertainment held Saturday afternoon and evening was a decided success in every way, and a good sum was added to the fund.

Mrs. C. M. Bennett is very ill with pneumonia. A nurse came Monday evening to assist in caring for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McInnis went to Portland, Monday, to attend the State Grange. Mr. McInnis went as a delegate from Pleasant Valley Grange.

Mrs. and Mrs. Albert Bennett are at Oiled for awhile.

Friends of Miss Doris Jordan, who is in the Maine General Hospital at Portland, are glad to learn that she is improving rapidly.

Mrs. C. F. Bell of South Paris was in town, recently.

SOUTH BETHEL

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Buck of Bryant Pond were in town, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mason and little daughter, Gertrude, and Alfred Mason were at home from Hanover over the week end.

Ralph Day of Upton was in town last week calling on friends.

Amie Cross visited her sister, Mrs. Frank Brooks, one day last week.

Mrs. Agnes Littlehale of Bryant Pond was in town one day recently.

M. A. Naimy and friends of Bethel village were in this vicinity, Sunday. Several from here attended the pictures at Locke's Mills, Thursday evening.

Movement started to advertise Maine throughout country.

MAINE WEEKLY INDUSTRIAL REVIEW

Portland—Bath Iron Works receives contract for construction of sister steamer to "Islander"; this contract will give employment to several hundred men during winter and early spring.

Augusta—Electric railway proposed for Aroostook county.

Sanford—York County Roads' Association formed.

Westbrook—Toy Factory opens new branch.

Portland—New State Street Parish House to be dedicated.

Alfred—Klanter Embroidery plant to resume operations.

Portland—Agreement between Canadian Pacific and Maine Central railroads to divert export traffic will result in more business for port of Portland. Sanford—Two-story brick building on Winter street under construction. Portland—Central fire headquarters occupying new building.

Portland—Chestnut Street M. E. Church dedicates new community house.

Kittery—Maine's memorial to soldiers and sailors dedicated.

CHRISTMAS

Boxes

Ribbons

Paper and

Tree Ornaments

at

Rowes, Bethel

Santa Claus' Headquarters

JEWELRY

Gifts that Last

WRIST WATCHES

White Gold

Elgin and Waltham

CLOCKS

Gold and Silver PENCILS

BROOCHES

SCARF PINS

PENDANTS

BRACELETS

CUFF BUTTONS

GOLD POCKET KNIVES

CHAINS

RINGS

PEARL BEADS

FOUNTAIN PENS

OUT GLASS

SILVER

CHINA

VACUUM BOTTLES

RADIO SETS

now offers you the largest line of Xmas gifts ever. Visit our store. Make it your headquarters. You are always welcome whether you purchase or not.



Our Toy Department

features all the Newest Gifts for Children.

LADIES' SUITS AND COATS

from \$9.96 up

See Our New Line of
LOCAL VIEWS in WATER COLORS
Framed and Boxed for Christmas

SWEET GRASS BASKETS

IVORY NOVELTIES

THERMOS BOTTLES

BOOKS

XMAS BOXES

CHRISTMAS CARDS

XMAS STATIONERY

CALENDAR PADS

LEATHER GOODS

POTTERY

HANDKERCHIEFS

NECKWEAR

SILK HOSIERY

MITTENS AND GLOVES

BATH TOWELS (Boxed)

STARR PHONOGRAPHS

GENNETT AND VOCAL

ION RECORDS

LOCAL & MAINE VIEWS

SCHRAFFT'S AND UTO

PIAN CHOCOLATES

CHRISTMAS CANDY

EDWARD P. LYON, BETHEL, MAINE

Each year the idea of giving Practical, Serviceable Christmas Gifts grows in favor.

What better or more practical present could be given than

FOOTWEAR

We carry a most complete line of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes and Oxfords in the Latest Models.

May we also suggest the following:

For Ladies	For Men	For Children
HOSIERY	SHIRTS	SWEATERS
SLIPPERS	NECKTIES	MITTENS
SPATS	SLIPPERS	CAPS
OVERSHOES	OVERSHOES	MOCCASINS
GLOVES	HOSIERY	HOSIERY
SPORT HOSE	GLOVES	SLIPPERS
MOCCASINS	SCARFS	OVERSHOES
TRAVELING BAGS	GOLF HOSE	SPORT HOSE
	CAPS	

Allen's Shoe Store

Bethel, Maine

RADIO PROGRAMS

Westinghouse Radio Station WBZ
Springfield, Mass.
337 Meters—890 Kilocycles

Thursday

11:55 A. M. Arlington time signals; weather reports; Springfield market report.

6 P. M. L. S. Wiggin ensemble direct from the Schraft tea room.

6:50 P. M. Leo Reisman Hotel Lenox ensemble.

7 P. M. Market report, as furnished by the United States department of agriculture of Boston.

7:05 P. M. Bedtime story for the kiddies, from the Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

7:15 P. M. Letter from the New England Homestead; "At the Theatre," with A. L. S. Wood, dramatic editor, Springfield Union.

7:45 P. M. Charles R. Hecker with his St. James Theatre orchestra, direct from the St. James Theatre.

8:15 P. M. Concert by the Glee Club of McAllister school of Weston, Mass., directed by Elizabeth Bates, from the Hotel Brunswick, Boston.

8:45 P. M. Sid Reinken and his orchestra from the Hotel Brunswick, Boston.

9:15 P. M. Concert by Evelyn A. Speed, pianist; Hazel C. Truett, lyric soprano; Mrs. Marie Haygood Tongue, accompanist, from the Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

9:55 P. M. Arlington time signals; official U. S. weather reports.

10:01 P. M. Continuation of musical program from the Kimball studio.

Friday

11:55 A. M. Arlington time signals; weather reports; Springfield market report.

6 P. M. Dinner concert by the Westinghouse Philharmonic trio, from the Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

7 P. M. Market reports as furnished by the United States department of agriculture at Boston.

7:05 P. M. Bedtime story for the kiddies, from the Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

7:15 P. M. Current Book Review program by the Court Square Book Store.

7:30 P. M. Lesson of a career in "Musical Appreciation," given under the auspices of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts department of education, with Prof. Stuart Mason of the New England Conservatory of Music as lecturer, from the Hotel Brunswick, Boston.

8:15 P. M. Arlington time signals; official United States weather reports.

10 P. M. Program arranged by Mrs. Mary G. Reed, president of the Mass. Chorus Federation of Music Clubs, presenting the past winners of the Massachusetts Federation and Plymouth district contests, from the Hotel Brunswick, Boston.

11 P. M. Concert by Clara Chamberlain.

contralto; Mrs. Eleanor Turner LaZanza, accompanist, and the Westinghouse Philharmonic trio, from the Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

11:50 P. M. Program of dance music by McEnelly's singing orchestra from Cook's Banquet hall.

Saturday

11:55 A. M. Arlington time signals; weather reports.

6 P. M. Leo Reisman and his Hotel Lenox ensemble.

6:50 P. M. Copley-Piana orchestra, under direction of W. Edward Boyle.

7 P. M. Market report as furnished by the United States department of agriculture at Boston.

7:05 P. M. Bedtime story for the kiddies, from the Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

7:30 P. M. Concert by the Hotel Kimball Trio, direct from the Hotel Kimball dining room under the direction of Jan Oerter.

8 P. M. Program by Theodore Schroeder, presenting Elita Bradley, soprano; Emma Louise Dieckmann, contralto; Percival Appleby, tenor; Frederick Schilke, soprano; Naomi Trombley, violin. Ernest Harry Adams, pianist and accompanist, from the Hotel Brunswick, Boston.

9 P. M. Concert arranged by Mrs. Margaret F. Anderson, state vice president of the Sons of Veterans auxiliary, from the Hotel Brunswick, Boston.

9:55 P. M. Arlington time signals; official weather report.

10 P. M. Concert by the "Golden nine Trumpet Quartette," Hayden H. Child, cornet; Freeman L. Damsen, second trumpet; M. E. Hafford, third trumpet; William Henry Deas, fourth trumpet; Harry L. Augusta, accompanist, from the Hotel Kimball studio, Springfield.

11:20 P. M. Leo Reisman and his Hotel Brunswick orchestra.

Broadcasting Station WREI, Waterville, Light at Boston—600 Watts, 903 Meters.

Thursday

6:50 P. M. Music selections by Jack Brown and his Machine Gun Orchestra.

7:05 P. M. Boston Edison Big Band.

7:20 P. M. Music.

Friday

6:50 P. M. Music Selection by Jack Brown and his Machine Gun Orchestra.

7:05 P. M. Boston Edison Big Band.

7:20 P. M. "A Few Minutes with Santa Claus" transmitted through the courtesy of Houghton & Dutton Company, Boston.

8 P. M. Music.

8:15 P. M. Program from New York Studio of Fletcher & Company's Artist Radio Orchestra.

Saturday

6:50 P. M. Music.

family to Winthrop.

Leon A. Harding, who recently submitted to an operation for appendicitis, is able to be out again.

At the meeting of the Androscoggin Valley Association, held at the Canton Grange Hall last Wednesday the following officers were elected for the coming year:

President—John T. Lindley.
Vice-Pres.—Charles W. Walker.
Secretary—Colby G. Walker.
Treasurer—Caleb E. Mendall.

Trustees to serve two years—Dwight Bisbee, Joseph Gannin, Ezekiel Hines.

The annual Christmas sale of the Universalist Church was held at the Universalist Church, Thursday afternoon and evening. The vestry and church were decorated with flags, greenery and red crepe paper. The apron table was in charge of Mrs. Arthur Ray and Mrs. Annie Chamberlain, the fancy work booth was presided over by Mrs. Lillian W. Bicknell and Miss Carrie F. Hayford. The mystery table was in charge of Mrs. Flora Hodge, the candy table Mrs. Ethel Goding, quilts Mrs. Philora Strout, and the tulip table Miss Gertrude Hodge. The dining room committee was Mrs. Eric York, Miss Lila Abbott, Miss Agnes Merrill, assisted by the Misses Maxine Butterfield, Dorothy Morse, Emma and Katherine Abbott and Lenora Hodge. The Indian blanket given by Miss Lila Abbott was won by Arthur H. Ray. A good sum was realized.

A. P. Russell, Charles W. Walker, Miss Ethel W. Russell and Mrs. Ethel Goding attended Pongona Grange meeting at Penn, Wednesday.

S. B. Ellis has been drawn on the jury for the United States District Court to be held in Portland.

Miss Pearl Blanchard has been called to Auburn by the illness of her mother, Mrs. Beatrice Blanchard.

Switzerland has held 98 per cent of the business on watches selling between \$2.50 and \$5.00, about one-half of the entire British trade. Germany has held the market for the watches under \$2.50. Some American goods have gone to Great Britain by having the cases made and the assembling done in England or Canada; but now the direct exportation of American goods is expected to double.

Two hundred dollars in cash prizes will be awarded by the Maine Central Railroad to the boys and girls attending the State Contest of the Boys and Girls Agricultural Clubs of Maine, to be held at Orono, January 1, 2 and 3. For a number of years this company has been giving money for the contest which is the climax of each club year's work. In addition, the road is offering reduced rates of fare and a half for round trip tickets.

The club year begins with the calendar year when the boys and girls enroll and plan their work. During the year, these plans are carried out under the direction of the local leader, with the assistance of the county and state extension agents. The fall is devoted to local and county contests and fairs where the club members exhibit the results of their work. At the county contests,

Mrs. Marge Farnand is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Fred Tripp and children of Canton Point, who have been visiting her mother, Mrs. Cora B. Fuller, have returned home.

Miss Angie Swett was in Livermore Falls one day recently.

At the meeting of Canton Encampment held Friday evening the Royal Purple degree was conferred on two candidates. Sapper was served, the committee being Appleton Hodge, Edward L. Goding and Leroy Hodge.

Twenty-seven members of Canton Grange, No. 110, P. of H., visited Rockwood Grange of West Penn at their last meeting.

Walter E. Marston is in poor health, being confined to his bed.

Emer Prance was entertained over Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Ellis.

Mr. and Mrs. John Towle have moved into the Dexter Small house so called.

Dr. Frank W. Morse has purchased a driving horse of Fred Hutchins.

Mrs. Inez Foye and Mrs. Addie Rose were in Lewiston one day recently.

Lola and Jeanette Gilbert have been visiting their aunt, Mrs. Lila Stettin, and family at Auburn.

Mrs. Eric Burke is confined to the home with neuritis.

James Keenan has moved his family to Middleville.

Mrs. Grace Cole has gone to Hallowell where she is employed at the home of Prof. Field.

Mrs. Fannie Lucas and niece, Miss Ruth Richardson, have been visiting their sister and aunt, Miss Mary N. Richardson, in Boston.

Mrs. Rosie Bicknell, who has been visiting Mrs. Thomas Perkins of New York, has returned home.

At the meeting of John A. Hodge Hotel (large hall) last Tuesday the following officers were elected for the coming year:

President—Mrs. Hattie Bailey.
Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Ellen Hutchinson.
Secretary—Miss Helen Hump.
Treasurer—Mrs. Helen Hump.
Organizer—Mrs. Emma Gillingham.
Conductor—Mrs. Anna T. T. Gillingham.
Grand-Mrs. Alice Hines.
Past Pres.—Mrs. Flora Hodge.

Delegates to attend the State Convention—Mrs. Alice T. T. Gillingham, Mrs. Ethel Goding, Mrs. Ernest Gillingham, Mrs. Emma Gillingham, Mrs. Anna T. T. Gillingham, Mrs. Alice Hines, Mrs. Flora Hodge.

The next meeting will be held Dec. 18th, at the home of Mrs. Ellen Hutchinson.

Dr. Ralph W. Bicknell has moved his

family to

family to

family to

family to

family to

family to

family to

family to

family to

county champions are chosen, the awards being based on the work done, the records kept, the exhibit made and the story of their year's work.

Then the climax comes when the county champions from all parts of the state meet in Orono and compete for state honors. State prizes are awarded at this time from the money given by the Maine Central. These prizes however, go only to the boys and girls attending the contest. A boy or girl may win the state championship in a project even though he or she is not present but no cash prize will be given. Only club leaders and county champions are entitled to attend this contest but every one of them is urged to be present.

For the seventh or eighth consecutive time, W. G. Hanton, Industrial Agent, will represent the Maine Central at the contest. He will deliver a talk to the club members and will make the awards. Mr. Hanton takes the greatest interest in this work with the boys and girls of the state and is a true friend to Maine youngsters.

Storm Windows

and doors made to your order, glazed with white lead putty.

Save Coal

by keeping out wintry blasts.

Order Early

and have that piazza, glazed in also.

Estimates given.

H. Alton Bacon

BRYANT'S POND, MAINE

L. F. PIKE CO.

Men's Clothing Stores

You'll Need an Overcoat

from Now until Spring--That Means a Good One.

THAT Overcoat you buy now is going to have a long hard grind. It has to be a good one or it won't come through ready for another season.

Our Coats Are Made by

Hart, Schaffner & Marx
Kirschbaum and Clothcraft

Made to Stand Long Hard Wear and Look Well While They Are Doing It.

\$24.50 and up to \$45

Cheaper coats if you want for \$15 and \$19.50

Plan to do your Christmas Shopping in
Norway and South Paris

NORWAY Blue Stores SO. PARIS

IRA C. JORDAN

General Merchandise

BETHEL, MAINE

A LETTER FROM HOME

What could be more pleasing to the relative or friend away from home than the certainty of receiving through the coming year a long letter from home regularly each week--a letter full of news of the old friends and places, telling of the births and marriages and passing on of those staying behind in the "old home town"?

It would be next to impossible for one alone to write such a chronicle fifty-two times a year, yet your home paper can offer to do it for you to your complete satisfaction. The Citizen is anxious to do this for you in 1925. Its correspondents are sending news of the happenings of the surrounding towns--making each week's issue a diary of recent events in this section of the county. To miss one issue is considered a great loss by many of our old subscribers.

Send us your Christmas list of names and be assured of complete satisfaction for your far-away friends.

The Citizen, \$2

IT HAS LASTED

Bethel People Must Believe Such Con-
fiding Testimony as Mrs. Bartlett's

No one in Bethel who suffers back-
aches, headaches, dizziness, rheumatic
pains or distressing urinary ills can afford
to ignore this twice-told story of a
Bethel resident. It is confirmed testi-
mony, telling of lasting benefit from
Doan's Pills—a stimulant-diuretic to
the kidneys. It's evidence that no man
or woman in Bethel can doubt.

Mrs. Walter E. Bartlett, Chapman St.,
says: "I used Doan's Pills and the
results I received were in every way,
satisfactory and were evidence of the
merit of this remedy. I have felt no
recurrence of kidney complaint."

OVER FOUR YEARS LATER, Mrs.
Bartlett added: "Doan's Pills cured
me of kidney trouble and the cure has
been permanent."

Mrs. Bartlett is only one of many
Bethel people who have gratefully en-
gaged Doan's Pills. If your back aches
—if your kidneys bother you, don't
simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask
distinctly for DOAN'S PILLS, the same
that Mrs. Bartlett had—the remedy
backed by home testimony. 60 cents
at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs.,
Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice
that he has been duly appointed Ad-
ministrator of the estate of Albert Ben-
nett late of Bethel in the County of
Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as
the law directs. All persons having de-
mands against the estate of said de-
ceased are desired to present the same
for settlement, and all indebted there-
to are requested to make payment im-
mediately.

CHESTER WHEELER,
Bethel, Maine.
November 18th, 1924. 11-27-24

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice
that she has been duly appointed Ad-
ministratrix of the estate of Susan A.
Martin late of Bethel in the County of
Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as
the law directs. All persons having de-
mands against the estate of said de-
ceased are desired to present the same
for settlement, and all indebted there-
to are requested to make payment im-
mediately.

SUSIE E. HOLT,
Bethel, Maine.
November 18th, 1924. 11-27-24

STATE OF MAINE.

To all persons interested in either of
the Estates hereinafter named:
At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in
said County of Oxford on the 11th day
of November, in the year of our Lord
one thousand nine hundred and twenty-
four. The following mat-
ters having been presented for the ac-
tion thereon hereinafter indicated, it
is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all
persons interested, by causing a copy of
this order to be published three weeks
successively in the Oxford County Cit-
izen, a newspaper published at Bethel,
in said County, that they may appear
at a Probate Court to be held at said
Paris, on the 11th day of December,
A. D. 1924, at 9 of the clock in the
forenoon, and be heard thereon if they
so cause.

Agnes E. Cross late of Greenwood,
deceased; first and final account pre-
sented for allowance by Charles H. Felt, ad-
ministrator.

Augustus M. Carter late of Bethel,
deceased; first and final account pre-
sented for allowance by Frances A. Car-
ter, administratrix.

Agnes H. Straw late of Bethel, de-
ceased; petition for determination of
inheritance tax presented by Henry H.
Hastings, executor.

Daniel D. Cross late of Greenwood,
deceased; first and final account pre-
sented for allowance by Charles H. Felt,
administrator & a with the will an-
nected.

Agnes E. Cross late of Greenwood,
deceased; petition for order to distrib-
ute balance remaining in his hands pre-
sented by Charles H. Felt, administrator.
Witness, Arvida E. Sturges Judge of
said Court at Paris, this 11th day of
November in the year of our Lord
one thousand nine hundred and twenty-
four.

Albert D. Park, Register.

BONGO FOND

At a R. R. Kimball's Sunday
evening. Mr. and Mrs. Allen Walker and
the children, Mr. Herchel Walker, Mr.
Fred German, Mr. and Mrs. Charles
German and baby, Mr. Gay Merrill,
Mrs. Grace Plough and Miss Margaret
Plough.

104 bulls was a lucky bear, instead
of getting a turkey for his Thanksgiving
dinner he died off of one of A. B.
Kimball's lambs.

Miss Joe Good was a caller at Bongo
Lake Cottage last week.

F. W. Hammett and family still enjoy
vacating out in their cottage, Bangor.

Mr. Albert R. Kimball with his daughter
L. J. French, married in Norway. Sister
died on business.

Mr. L. J. Andrews was a business
caller at Mrs. Fred Murphy's one day
last week.

Mr. Driscoll Dequinter, after spending
a few days in Lovell, has returned
to A. B. Kimball's.

Aden Dink, who is examining the
shores of Aroostook for the Home Oen-
Per Street House, stopped at A. B.
Kimball's, Monday night.

HOW

PACIFIC COAST CITY HAS

DRIVEN OUT THE RATS.

As a result of convincing rat-
control work done last year in
Portland, Ore., under the direc-
tion of the biological survey,
United States Department of
Agriculture, the city of Astoria,
Ore., which was partially
burned, is being rebuilt along
lines of rat-proof construction
outlined by the district biolog-
ical survey representative.

Burned piling, on which a por-
tion of the town was originally
set, is being replaced by con-
crete retaining walls on each
side of the street. These are
constructed in such a way that
when the concrete basement
walls of the buildings are fin-
ished there will be a tunnel un-
der the sidewalk between the
building walls and the retaining
walls on the street, which will
carry all electric wires, waste
pipes, gas pipes and the like.

Sewers have been laid down
the middle of the street and are
inclosed in solid concrete. A
fill will be made entirely around
this up to the street level and
surfaces with concrete. The
storm sewer entrances have all
been equipped with screens of
such mesh that rats can neither
get in nor out of the sewers.

The sewer mains are inclosed in
solid concrete walls. These are
covered with earth, and are, in
turn, inclosed by concrete walls
on two sides and the top,
which would seem to make them
as nearly rat proof as possible.
Buildings have all been con-
structed of concrete.

How Popular Phrase
First Came Into Use

The expression making "Ducks and
Drakes" of money arises from the old
amusement of holiday-makers in mak-
ing smooth, flat stones skip over the
surface of the waves. Wealthy spend-
thrifts have been known to use coins
instead of stones. History does not
tell us the name of the inventor, but
the game was known among the an-
cients as "epostracismus." There are
records showing that it was played by
one Scipio Africanus and his compan-
ions, Laelius, more than three thou-
sand years ago. Perhaps the most fa-
mous patron of the game in our own
time was Alfred de Musset, the
French novelist and playwright, who
spent whole days on the beach, pick-
ing up pebbles and making them skip
over the water. According to an Eliza-
bethan writer, the game was known
in his time as "A duck and a drake,
and a hapenny cake."

How Oil Fires Are Fought

An important new invention of great
value in putting out fires at oil works
is now in use at Los Angeles, London
Til-Bits says.

Large tanks containing oil enough to
fill 2,000 barrels sometimes catch fire
with disastrous results. The inven-
tion consists of a water apparatus
placed inside the oil tank, just above
the level of the oil; by the touch of a
lever it can be made to throw a thin
circular curtain of water right over the
tank.

The air is thus excluded from the
burning oil, and as nothing can burn
without oxygen the flames are quickly
put out.

Pouring water on burning oil is not
only useless; it usually spreads the
fire. The new apparatus whirled a sort
of water screen over the fire, which
quickly produces a smothering layer of
steam in addition, and when the
flames die out the water will have set-
tled to the bottom of the tank and
can be drawn off by a tap.

How to Reduce Weight

"I reduced my weight to where I
thought it should be," writes Mr. Bal-
son, "by diminishing the daily input of
food, and thereafter kept my weight
constant by regulating the quantity of
food. Not one person in ten thousand
will do this." Similarly Cyrus H. K.
Curtis declares "the whole question
of longevity is summed up in what
you put into your body and what you
get out of it by elimination." For
himself he takes a balanced ration,
rarely touching meat or sweets, but
using fruit or fruit juices at least once
a day.

How Dust Stops Explosions

By the simple method of applying
coats of wet dust to the surface of
mine entrances coal mine operators
have checked the damage and loss of
life from coal mine explosions. The
accumulations of coal dust found in
mines are explosive and inflammable,
but rock dust is not. The rock dust
acts as a barrier, stopping the spread
of explosions from one part of the
mine to another. The method has
been tried out in Europe with consid-
erable success, though the idea is
new in this country.

How Industry Has Grown

Steady progress has been made by
the mercantile industry in Canada dur-
ing the last decade and a recent re-
port on this industry by the bureau of
statistics shows that whereas the in-
dustry imported nearly 20,000,000
pounds in previous years, imports in 1923
amounted to only 1,000,000 pounds.
While exports totaled 2,000,000 pounds.
The fact is that with a population of
20,000,000, the new industry in Can-
ada has reached a point where it is
approximately 11,000,000 pounds.

BETHEL AND VICINITY

(Continued from page 1)

Prof. W. R. Chapman returned from
a visit in New York, Wednesday night.

Mrs. Elmer Allen and Mrs. Ralph
Young were in Portland, Wednesday.

Mrs. F. B. Darr, who has been visit-
ing her sister, Mrs. Annie Willey, left
Friday morning for Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Methel Packard has returned to
Portland after spending a few weeks
with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A.
Packard.

Mr. Harold Rollins has moved his
family to Mechanic Falls, where he has
employment on the block signal on the
Canadian National Railway.

Mr. Roger Clough recently shot a
hedgehog that was under a ledge, and
after pulling it out found that the same
bullet had also killed a nice fat raccoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ervin Hatchinson and
daughter, Laura, have moved from West
Bethel into the upstairs rent in Mrs.
John Swan's house for the winter.

Mr. Ray Crockett was a business vis-
itor in Boston, recently.

Mrs. L. C. Poore is clerking in Lyon's
store during the holidays.

Mrs. E. B. Whitman of West Bethel
is assisting in Rowe's store during the
holidays.

Mr. N. P. Moore was confined to the
house a few days by illness the last of
the week.

Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Twaddle and Mrs.
W. C. Bryant were in Rumford one day
last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Coburn are oc-
cupying the rent vacated by the family
of Harold Rollins.

Mrs. F. E. Donahue was the guest of
her daughter, Mrs. Bertha Woodrow,
in Boston last week.

Mr. F. I. Bean was called to Mon-
mouth last week by the death of his
brother, Rev. Stanley A. Bean.

Mrs. Mildred McPhee and son, Harold,
Nutting, were recent guests of relatives
in Amesbury and Lynn, Mass.

Miss E. E. Burdham has employment
in L. M. Sturges' millinery store.

Mr. R. J. Sawyer spent the week end
with his family in town.

Mr. Charles Brown has returned to
his work at the Herrick Bros. machine
shop.

Little Katherine Andrews was a
guest of relatives at Milan, N. H., re-
cently.

Messrs. F. L. Edwards and H. D.
Thurston were in Portland the first of
the week.

Mr. Judson Carver of Jonesport, Me.,
is the guest of his son, Mr. I. L. Car-
ver, and family.

Mr. W. G. Holt of East Bethel and
Mr. F. B. Bartlett were in Norway and
vicinity, Sunday.

Mr. Ed. Herrick and son, Gardner,
were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs.
Paul Staples at Rumford.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Smith and Mr.
and Mrs. Arnold Brown were in Port-
land a few days the first of the week.

Mr. Ralph Day of Upton was a busi-
ness visitor in town, Tuesday.

Mr. F. J. Tyler is spending a few
days in New York on business.

Mr. Herman Robertson has employ-
ment at Chapman's garage on Main St.

Mrs. Jennie Littlehale, who has been
quite ill for the past two weeks, is gain-
ing slowly.

The rain of Monday made the roads
and sidewalks slippery, taking off most
of the snow.

A flock of wild geese were seen fly-
ing north toward the lake region the
last of the week.

Misses Barbara and Katherine Her-
rick were recent guests of their aunt,
Mrs. Paul Staples, at Rumford.

Master Laurence Bartlett spent the
week end with his uncle and aunt, Mr.
and Mrs. Roger Sloane, in Auburn.

Good quality writing paper for 20c
per lb. Makes an excellent school pa-
per. At the Citizen Office.

The Spirit of Christmas can best be shown by the selection of Practical
Gifts—gifts that will be put to daily use by the recipient and in this
way become a continual reminder of the giver.

Headquarters for Useful Gifts

We have for you merchandise of known quality---products
of manufacturers of nation-wide reputation, who stand behind their
goods. Our prices are no higher at this season and offer a great
attraction to the thrifty buyer.

FOR Ladies and Misses	FOR The Whole Family	FOR Men and Boys
WARM SLIPPERS, \$1.00 to \$3.00	Oregon City AUTO ROBES and BLANKETS	MEN'S SUITS, \$15.00 to \$35.00
OVERSHOES, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00	Goodrich RUBBERS and OVERSHOES	BOYS' SUITS, \$7.50 to \$18.00
WOOL HOSE, 75c to \$2.00	Munsing and UNDERWEAR	MEN'S OVERCOATS, \$15.00 to \$40.00
SILK HOSE, 75c to \$2.50	Also A Large Assortment of TOWELS	SWEATERS, \$1.75 to \$12.00
WOOL GLOVES, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50	TABLE LINEN	SPORT COATS, \$3.00 to \$8.00
LINED GLOVES, \$2.50 to \$7.00	NAPKINS	SPORT JACKET, \$6.00 to \$15.00
SCARFS—Silk, Wool, Cashmere, \$1.00 to \$5.00	DRESS GOODS	MEN'S SHEEPLINED COATS, \$10.00, \$12.50, \$14.00, \$20.00
SWEATERS, \$2.00 to \$12.00	OUTING FLANNEL	WOOL GLOVES AND MITTENS, 75c to \$2.00
HAND BAGS, 25c to \$5.00	ORETONNES	FUR LINED GLOVES, \$3.50, \$6.00
TRAVELING BAGS, \$2.00 to \$15.00	CURTAIN SCRIMS	GARTER AND ARM BAND SETS, 65c and 75c
APRONS, 50c to \$1.50	and many other Goods that will make APPROPRIATE GIFTS	BATH ROBES, \$3.50 to \$5.00
UNION SUITS, 75c to \$1.00	Authorized Dealer for POHLSON GIFTS	CAPS, \$1.00 to \$2.00
NIGHT ROBES, \$1.25 to \$2.00		HATS, \$1.50 to \$4.00
KNICKERBOCKERS, \$1.00 to \$3.00		WOOL HOSE, 50c to \$1.50
UMBRELLAS, \$1.00 to \$3.00		SILK HOSE, 75c and \$1.00
MOCCASINS, \$1.00 to \$2.00		FLANNEL SHIRTS, \$1.75 to \$5.00
HANDKERCHIEFS, 5c to \$1.00		DRESS SHIRTS, \$1.00 to \$3.00
BATH ROBES, \$2.75 to \$5.00		NECKTIES, 35c to \$1.50
CORSETS, \$1.00 to \$3.00		BELTS, 50c to \$2.00
		HANDKERCHIEFS, 10c to \$1.00
		SUIT CASES, \$2.50 to \$14.00
		SKIS, \$1.00 to \$7.00
		MAKINAW, \$5.00 to \$14.00

Phone and Mail Orders Promptly Filled Shop Early

BETHEL **ROWE'S** MAINE



Synopsis

CHAPTER I.—Bud Lee, horse foreman of the Blue Lake ranch, convinced Bayne Trevors, manager, in a fight, by outwitting a vicious horse owned by Judith Sanford, a young woman, her brother, Pollock Hampton, and Timothy Gray, decides to throw up his job. Judith arrives and announces she has bought Gray's share in the ranch and will run it. She discharges Trevors.

CHAPTER II.—The men on the ranch dislike taking orders from a girl, but by outwitting a vicious horse and proving her thorough knowledge of ranch life, Judith wins the best of them over. Lee decides to stay.

CHAPTER III.—Convinced her veterinarian, Bill Crowley, is treacherous, Judith discharges him, re-engaging an old friend of her father's, Doc Tripp.

CHAPTER IV.—Pollock Hampton, with a party of friends, comes to the ranch to stay permanently. Trevors accepts Hampton's invitation to visit the ranch. Judith's messenger is held up and robbed of the monthly pay roll.

CHAPTER V.—Bud Lee goes to the city for more money, getting back safely with it, though his horse is killed under him. Both he and Judith see Trevors' hand in the crime. Hoping to account for breaks out on the ranch, Judith and Lee, investigating the scene of the holdup climb a mountain, where the robber must have hidden.

"But," continued Judith, "not being a fool, and realizing that one of the men we want might possibly be hiding in here, I am going to peek in."

"Not being a fool," he repeated after her, adding gently, "and being a girl, which means filled with curiosity."

A disheveled shoulder gave him his answer. The door was unlocked, after immemorial western custom, and Judith opened it. Lee heard her little gasp of pure delight.

"It's a dear, the man who lives here," she announced positively. "You can just tell by looking at his face."

Looking in over her shoulder, Bud Lee wondered just what in his one-room shanty had caught her enthusiasm. There was the rock fireplace with an iron hook protruding from each side for coffee-pot and a spit; a bunk with a blanket smoothed over cedar bunks; a shelf with a dozen books; little else, so far as he could see or remember, to catch at Judith's delight. Yet, she, looking through woman's eyes, read in one quick "peek" the character of the dweller in this shanty. One who was content with little, who loved a clean, outdoor life, and who was tranquilly above the pettiness of humanity. Judith closed the door softly.

Going straight across the plateau, she showed him where one could clamber up a steep way to the ridge. Once up there, it was but ten minutes until, in a hollow, they found the monument marking a trail, a stone set upon a boulder.

It was after five o'clock. When, following the trail back and forth in its winding along the side of the ridge, they found the signs they sought. It was fast growing dark. But there in a narrow dell where loose soil had filtered down, were tracks left by a large boot. Lee went down on his hands and knees to study them in the dark. He got up with a little grunt and moved down the trail. Again he found tracks, this time more clearly defined. So dark was it now that they had lighted several matches.

"Two men," he announced wonderingly. "Fresh tracks, too. Made this morning or last night. I'll bet. One coming east from Indian Head. The other coming west from the plateau behind us. What's he? Where'd he come from?"

"He's the second of the two men who shot at you," said Judith quickly. "Don't I know every trail in this neck of the woods? Bud Lee! He followed another old woman's trail on the south side of the ranch. They met here just as I knew they would."

"What for?" Lee frowned through the darkness at her eager face. "What would they want to get together for? If they had any sense they would scatter and clean out of the country."

"Unless," Judith reminded him, "they don't intend to clean out at all! Unless they mean to stick to the cliffs and try their hands again at their sort of game. They figure that we will expect them to be a long way from here by now, won't they? Then where would they be safer than right here in these mountains? Give me a rifle and something to eat and I'll defy an army getting me out of here. And think of it: If it is Trevors' work, if he means business, think what two gunmen can do. They could take a three-thousand-dollar station down in the park; they could drop more than one prize bull or cow; and she added sharply, "If they thought about this as some new trick, they could take a chance on pouring Judith Sanford out of the country."

Lee stared at her a long time in

ing erect; shooting, too, for again the duel of red spurts of flame told where she and her quarry stood.

Meanwhile Lee ran on, changing his original purpose, swearing out from where Judith was moving forward, turning to the left, hopeful to come to close quarters with their assailant before she could go down under the sharp rifle-fire or could bring down the other. For certainly, if she kept on that way, the time would come when some one would stop her lead.

Lee shifted his rifle to his left hand, taking his revolver into his right. From the cliffs came a shot and he grunted at it contemptuously. It could do nothing but assure those below that there was still some one up there.

"Three of them to our two," he estimated, "counting the two jaspers on the cliff. Two of us to their one, counting what's down here. And that's all that counts right this minute."

A shot from Judith; a shot from the cabin; two shots from the cliffs. The two shots from above brought fresh news; not only were they closer together, but they indicated the men up yonder were coming down. Lee hurried.

Then, at last, his narrowed eyes made out the faint outline of that which he sought. Close to the cabin, low down, evidently on his knees was the most important factor to be considered now. Still Lee was too far away to be certain of a hit and he meant with all of the grim determination in him to hit something at last. He ran on, drawing the fire away from Judith. A rifle ball sank close to his side, another and another. He lost the dim shape of the kneeling man, who, he thought, had risen from his knees and was standing, his body tight-pressed to the cabin.

"Why the devil doesn't he run for it?" wondered Lee.

But evidently, he had no intention of running. A bullet out through Lee's sleeve. At last Lee answered. He ran in closer as he fired and, running, emptied his revolver, jammed it into his waistband and with something of a shock that there were but two rifles on the cliffs to take into consideration. That other rifle, at the cabin, was still. Out of ammunition? Or plugged? Or playing possum? Which?

"Stop shooting!" he shouted to Judith.

"I'm coming!" she cried back to him.

Almost at the same instant, their two rifles ready, they came to the

Between Them—a Man Lay Helplessly.

cabin. Between them on the ground a man lay at the corner, moving helplessly, groping for his fallen gun, falling back.

"Open the door," said Bud. "I'll get him inside and tell you who he is. Hurry, Judith, those other jaspers are working down this way as fast as they know how."

Judith, taking time to snatch up the fallen rifle, ran around to the door. Lee slipped his hands under the eaves of the wooden man and dragged him to Judith's side. In the cabin, the door shut, Lee struck a match and went to a little shelf where there was a candle.

"Almost ready," grunted Judith. "Almost ready Lee saw the man's face he saw the color of his hair, a bag slung with the top to his head and thought in the back of his mind that he was in the back of his mind."

"The man that shot at me," said Lee. "He's a hard man, or he's a little bit of a hard man. I got something of a hard play on these two jaspers up there were waiting to meet him and split the snap they'd be taking a back to get."

Lee kept and with quick fingers caught the wound. There was a hole in Trevors' chest, right up near the throat, that was bleeding profusely. At first that seemed the only wound. But in a second Lee had found another. This was in the leg, and this, like Lee was bound tightly with a handkerchief.

"That shot, first rifle out of the back," commented Lee. "See it? That's why he stuck on the job and didn't try to run for it. Looks like a rifle ball had scored the bone."

He lifted him up. His fingers busy with the string at Trevors' belt, brought away the canvas bag. There was blood on it; it was heavy and gave forth the yellow (pink) of gold.

"You can take your thumb on

tonight's play," he said, holding up the bag to Judith, lifting his eyes to her face.

But Judith shrank back, her eyes wide with horror.

"I don't want it! I can never touch it!" she whispered.

Suddenly she was shaking from head to foot, her eyes fixed in terrible fascination upon Crowley's face. Lee tossed the bag to the bunk across the room, whence it fell clanking to the floor.

"Now she's going to faint," was his thought. "Well, I won't blame her so much. Poor little kid!"

But he did not look at her again. He tore away Crowley's shirt to discover just how serious the wound in the chest was. Unless Bill Crowley died to death, he stood an excellent chance to dole time in the penitentiary. Lee stanching the flow of blood, made a rude bandage, and then, lifting the body gently, carried it to the bunk.

"Now," said Lee, speaking bluntly, afraid that a tone of sympathy might merely aid the girl to "shake to pieces," "we've got a chance to be on our way before Number Two and Number Three get into the game. Let's run for it, Judith."

Judith shook her head.

"We'll stay here until morning," she said finally, her voice surprising Lee, who had looked for a sign of weakness to accord with her sudden pallor and visible trembling.

"What for?" he wanted to know. "We'll have another fight on our hands if we do. Those fellows, this deep in it, are not going to quit while they know that there's all that money in the sack!"

"I don't care," said Judith firmly. "I won't run from them or anybody else I know! And, besides, Bud Lee, I am not going to give them the chance to get Crowley away. . . . Do you think he is going to die?"

"No, I don't. Doc Tripp will fix him up."

"Then here I stay, for one. When I go, Bill Crowley goes with me! He's going to talk, and he's going to help me send Bayne Trevors to the pen."

Bud Lee expressed all he had to say in a silent whistle. He'd made another mistake, that was all. Judith wasn't going to faint for him tonight.

"Then," he said presently, setting her the example, "slip some fresh cartridges into your rifle and get ready for more shooting. I'll put out the light and we'll wait for what's next."

Judith replenished the magazine of her rifle. Lee, watching from under the low-drawn blind of his hat, noted that her fingers were already now Crowley moved in his bunk, lifted a hand weakly, groaned and grew still. Lee rearranged his bandage.

"Put out the light now!" he asked Judith.

"No," she answered. "Since we've got to spend the night with a man in Crowley's shape, it will be safer, I think, to keep the light on."

She even put out her hand to one of the books on the shelves which she could reach from her bench.

"And now," she added, "I'm sure that our hermit won't mind if we peep into his library, will he?"

"No," answered Lee gravely. "Most likely he'll be proud."

Lee found time to muse that life is made of incongruities, woman of inconsistencies. Here with a badly hurt man lying ten feet from her, with every likelihood of the night stillness being ripped in two by a rifle-shot, Judith sat and turned the pages of a book. Bud Lee watched as he watched her. She turned the pages slowly, came back to the fly-leaf page, read the name scrawled there and, turning swiftly to Lee, said accurately:

"David Burrill Lee, you are a humbug!"

"Wrong again," grinned Lee. "A hermit, you mean? A man with a soul!"

"Scat!" answered Judith. But, under Bud Lee's teasing eyes, the color began to come back into her cheeks, she had been a wee bit enthusiastic over her hermit, making of him a picturesque ideal. She had visioned him, even to the calm eyes, gentle voice. A quick little frown touched her brows as she realized that the eyes and voice which her fancy had bestowed upon the hermit were in actually the eyes and voice of Bud Lee. But she had called him a dear. And Lee had been laughing at her all the time—had not told her, would never have told her. The thought came to her that she would like to slap Bud Lee's face for him. And she had told Tripp she would like to slap Pollock Hampton's. Good and hard!

CHAPTER VII

Partners

From without came the low murmur of two voices. Judith laid her book aside and drew her rifle across her knees, her eyes bright and eager. At frequent intervals for perhaps three or four minutes the two voices came indistinctly to those in the cabin. Then silence for as long a time. And then a voice again, this time quite near the door, calling out clearly:

"Hey, you in there! Pitch the money out the window and we'll let you go."

"There's a voice," said Judith quietly. "To remember! I'll be able to swear to it in court!"

Certainly a voice to remember, just as one remembers an unusual face for years, though it be but a chance one seen in a crowd. A voice markedly indistinct, not surely because it was somewhat high-pitched for a man, but rather for a quality not easily described, which gave it a certain vibrant, supple, harshness, sounding metallic almost, rasping as though with the hiss of steel surfaces rub-

bing. Altogether impossible to describe adequately, yet, as Judith said, not to be forgotten.

Lee turned triumphantly to the girl. "I've got his tag!" he whispered to her. "I played poker with that voice one night not four months ago in Rocky Bend!"

"Who is he?" Judith whispered back. "With Crowley down, if we know who one of these men is, the rest will be easy. Who is he?"

"A bad egg," Lee told her gravely. "He's done time in the state pen. He's been out less than a year. Gunman, stickup man, convicted once already for manslaughter. . . ."

"Not Chris Quinlan, Bud Lee?" she cried excitedly. "Not Chris Quinlan?"

"Sh!" he commanded softly. "There's no use tipping our hand off to him. Yes; it's crooked Chris Quinlan. You don't know him, do you?"

He had never seen her eyes look as they looked now. They were as hard and bright as steel; no true woman's eyes, he thought swiftly. Rather the eyes of a man with murder in his heart.

"Then, thank God!" whispered Judith, her voice tense. "Can you keep a secret with me, Bud Lee? Were it not for the man calling to us now, Luke Sanford would be here in our stead. Crooked Chris Quinlan served his time in San Quentin because my father sent him there. And he had not been free six months before he kept his oath and murdered my poor old dad!"

"Well?" came the interrupting snarl of Quinlan's voice, like the ominous whine of an enraged animal. "What's the word?"

"Give us five minutes to think it over," returned Lee coolly. And, incredulous eyes on Judith's set face, he said gently: "I was on the ranch when the accident happened. He must have driven that heavy car a little too close to the edge of the grade. The bank just naturally gave way."

Quinlan, her lips tightly compressed, shook her head.

"You didn't find him under the car, did you? And the blow that killed him might have been dealt with some heavy weapon in the hands of a man standing behind him, mightn't it? I know, Bud Lee, I know!"

"How do you know?" he demanded insistently. "You weren't here even."

"No, I was in San Francisco. But the day before I had a letter from father. He expected me home very soon. He was going out, he said in his letter, to look at the road over the mountain. He wrote that the grade was dangerous, especially at the very place where the car went over. He wanted me to know so that in case he could not get the work done on it before I came, I would be careful. On top of that would he go and run his car into such danger as that? Oh, I know!" she cried again, her hands hard upon her rifle. "I know, I tell you! From the first I suspected. I knew that Chris Quinlan had threatened a dozen times to 'get' father. I knew that soon or late he would try. I wrote Emmet Sawyer, our county sheriff, and told him that our hermit won't mind if we peep into his library, will he?"

"No," answered Lee gravely. "Most likely he'll be proud."

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"No, the rest is pure guesswork on my part. Guesswork based on what I know. Not enough to hang Chris Quinlan, Bud Lee. But enough to make me sure. He's working at Trevors' game right now. If we can prove that it is Trevors' game it will go to show how worthless his alibi was."

"Well?" called Quinlan, the third time. "What about it? We ain't going to wait all night."

"Tell him," whispered Judith, her hand on Lee's arm, "to come and get it if he wants it! One of us can hold the cabin against the two of them while the other slips out in the dark and rides back to the ranch-house for help. If we're in luck, Bud Lee, we'll corner the bunch of them before daylight!"

"It's the only way," she insisted. "If we gave them the money they'd want Bill Crowley next. If they got Crowley away with them into the mountains I am not sure they could not hide until they got him safe in Trevors' hands. Then we'd have the whole fight still to make, sooner or later. It's our one bet, Lee!"

And Bud Lee, feeling no better way ahead for them, blew out the candle, forced Judith to stand close to the rock chimney of the fireplace, took his station near her, and answered Quinlan, saying shortly:

"Come ahead when you're ready. We're waiting."

Quinlan's curse, the crack of his rifle, the flying splinters from the cabin door, came together like one implacable menace.

"And now, Bud Lee," cried Judith quickly, "I don't mind telling you, not seeing the end of the string we are playing, that you are a man to my liking!"

"My hat's off," said Lee, with grave simplicity. "And in any old kind of a fight a man wouldn't want a better partner than I can reach now, putting out my hand. He'd want—just a thoroughbred! And now, little partner, let's give them—fast!"

"Crouching in the dark, reserving their own fire while they waited for something more definite than the bark of a rifle to shout at, their hands met."

It came about, quite as matters often do, that at the three-mile distant ranch headquarters it was one who knew comparatively little of the ways of this part of the world who was first to suspect that all was not well with Judith Sanford. To Pollock Hampton her failure to appear at dinner was significant.

He learned from Mrs. Simpson that in the afternoon Judith, after a hurried lunch, had taken her rifle and ridden away. Where? Mrs. Simpson did not know.

"Hurried lunch?" said Hampton. "Took her rifle, did she?"

His eyes had grown very serious as he stared down into Mrs. Simpson's concerned face.

Hampton went to the men's quarters word for Carson and Lee to come to the house.

He strode up and down the office the frown gathering upon his usually

Hampton Stride Up and Down the Office.

smooth brow. Finally if something had happened to Judith the present responsibility lay upon his shoulders as next in authority.

"Here," an announced Carson bristled, "what is it?"

"I got a little word, Carson," said Hampton, "about Miss Sanford. Two friends."

"Afraid of what? You don't think she's afraid of your Jan or Steve the sports, do you?" snapped Carson. He had been interrupted at the crucial point in a game of cribbage with Poker Face and the cattle-man's weak spot was cribbage. He glared at Hampton belligerently.

"Where is Lee?" questioned Hampton sharply. "Why didn't he come?"

"Dunno," answered Carson, still without interest. "I ain't seen him. Wasn't in for supper."

"I tell you," cried Hampton, angry at Carson's quiet acceptance of facts which to him were darkly significant. "He, too, was out with his rifle today. I saw him myself. Now he fails to show up! Don't you see what all this points to?"

Carson, who seldom lost his poise, with one-half of his brain still given over to the hand he meant to play with Poker Face, merely sighed and shook his head.

To be continued

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